AN AMERICAN GIRL'S SPUNKY RETORT TO MARIE STUDHOLME.

EDNA MAY,

of

"The Belle of New York," Defends Uncle Sam's Daughters from the Little English Beauty's Criticisms.

WHA AMERICAN EDNA MAY SAYS ABOUT WHAT MARIE STUDHOLME SAID:

You make a bounteous display of your shoulders and your busts.

Your barrooms are crowded with women.

Your English women are the greatest consumers of liquor on earth.

And your British loud checks, loose hanging coats and "Knickers!"

And why don't you wear the British bun, and the pinned on puffs, sweet Marie?

DEAR Sunday Journal: You wish me to give Miss Marie Studholme a Roland for her Oliver and answer her letter printed in the New York Sunday Journal on October 10.

In the first place, let me say that I do not want to be discourteous in any way toward so fair a guest from a foreign shore. She is as dainty a piece of human bric-a-brac as one ever sees, and I will try to handle her as tenderly as one would a rare Dersden vase (I believe that is a popular comparison), but my patriotism compels me to buckle on my armor and take up the gauntlet she has thrown down.

I want to try to convince her that she is mistaken in some of her views of us. I will not be aggressively personal and tell her my impressions of English men and women as I saw them recently in her country. I will confine myself in an attempt to modify her distorted opinions of us.

So now, dear Journal, may I address myself directly to her and incidentally to any other English women who may care to view us as we view ourselves?

Dear Miss Studholme, it is cruel of you to sneer at us, just when you have returned to us, to receive anew our adornation (and our dollars); it is also a wee bit unwise, for we Americans have never learned to love the hand that smites us. Fie, fie! You laugh at our bicycle dress—for we actually show a few inches of leather-covered ankle.

Is it not the first rule in correct dressing to be apparelled appropriately? Can anwthing be more serviceable than our neat tailor-made suits, the skirts just short enough for safety, clearing the skirt guard and wheel?

Remember, dear, dear Marie, the frights of dresses which nine out of ten English women wear when awheel. To be sure, the skirts are long, but why are not their belts close friends? Why stand they so far agape? Why do they sag in the back? Why do your bicycle riders wear flower-trimmed and feather-ladened hats of gigantic size, and why any old jacket of one and skirt of another material? We are not talking now of the exceptions, of course, but of the mass of riders. I remember that one of your largest newspapers in London commented editorially upon the fact that English women seemed to think that any old or worn out clothes would do for wheeling, and referred to the neat tailor-made suits which visiting Americans wore, saying that it was evident that the American wheelwoman considered her bicycle suit quite as important as her riding habit. We have a class of wheelwomen who, unfortunately for the visual sense, do wear skirts very short, but the representative American girl wears her bicycle skirt a modest length and with it a pair of neatly laced high leather boots. These, with the close-fitting hats and trim shirt waists, make, we think, a safe, appropriate and modest dress.

It is all a matter of education. For instance, we Americans are often horrified at the bounteous display of shoulders and bust on view at all evening entertainments in England. When English women are noted the world over for wearing the decollete dress to the greatest extreme, surely you should not be shocked if we shorten our dresses at the other end, for we cover our extremities with plenty of leather and leave something to the imagination, which I am sure the regulation English evening bodice does not. Now, don't be cross, dear, sweet Marie. Just think it over.

Inconsistent Marie! If you like the English way of wearing the hair, why do you not wear the bun—the rows of pinned on puffs? Why not acknowledge with us that you know the unsightly tightly crimped fringe, held flat with a net, is not becoming? There can be no argument when we two are so perfectly of one mind in regard to the American girl's artistic dressing, and again I agree with you that the English gentleman, on dress parade, is a goodly sight—well built and well clothed—but, oh! Miss Studholme, let me ask you—do you remember the average Britisher not on dress parade? The frequent combination of short coat, silk hat and a pipe (and of course the usual accessories in the way of boots and unmentionables, etc.)? Have you seen the sternly virtuous British father on the Continent—the loud checks, the ill-fitting, loose-hanging coats and knickers, the heavy boots?

I do not mean to be a female Li Hung Chang for questions; I am trying simply to refresh your memory—I noticed you did not speak of them. You tell us that American women are sly—that we smoke cigarettes behind closed doors and drink cocktails from teacups. Bless you—as to the latter we have to—do you know why? No? Well, I'll tell you. In America women do not drink as openly or as much as they do in England. I have yet to see barrooms crowded by women, accompanied by their husbands and oftentimes their children. This is no uncommon sight in England. Aren't there innumerable barrooms over there, which stand with wide open doors that all the world may see the dozens of women laughing, chatting, drinking—many of them undoubtedly respectable—but proving the truth of the saying that English women are among the greatest liquor consumers on earth?

It is not with us so much the possession of sly temperaments, but that it is a well-known fact that American women are but small consumers of liquors. So true is this, that outside of a few of our large cities, which have been influenced by a foreign population, it is difficult for a woman to get drink unless it is served in a teacup. So small is the demand by women for liquors, that few restaurants in towns of 25,000 and under carry a liquor license. This I am told upon excellent authority, and I doubt if a drink could be procured at all (except, perhaps, bottled beer) unless the restaurant proprietor would care to run the risk of smuggling it "in a teacup" from a near-by saloon.

I am widely acquainted with all classes of my country women. I know some who smoke cigarettes and drink cocktails, but they are as one to a hundred; yet, even they do not make a secret of it. It is a well-known fact that a good many of our actresses do smoke cigarettes. I mention actresses because your comparison is drawn from one, but I have yet to meet one who hesitated to confess it, or who locked herself behind closed doors. In fact, we have one actress who has even demonstrated her independence by smoking on a street car.

You must realize, sweet, sweet Marie, that the refined American is not always found in the large cities (where the race for the almighty dollar and the bankrupt foreigner) is most keen. She is best found in the thousands of homes, where, as housewife, helpmeet, companion, and self-sacrificing mother, she is quietly pursuing her way—unknown, untalked of—not always beautiful in face or in figure, but, shielded by the care of the never to be equalled American husband, she is training her sons and her daughters to uphold that idea womanhood which makes it possible for an American girl—unchaperoned—to travel the world over and meet with no insult. The foreign merchants beseech her to buy their wares—asking at the time for no money or references—and when she gasps and says, "But Monsieur does not know me," he replies, with his best bow, "Mademoiselle is an Americaine—zat is all zat is necessaire—for ze Americaines are all honest."

And now, good-by, dear Miss Studholme. Bear me no ill will if I have given you some new ideas of us, and let me sign myself, yours sincerely,

Edna May.

WHAT ENGLISH MARIE STUDHOLME SAID IN THE JOURNAL ABOUT AMERICANS:

We don't know how to make tea.
We have shocking bicycle girls.
We have badly dressed men.
We haven't good complexions.
We are very dyspeptic.
We drink cocktails from teacups.
We smoke cigarettes behind closed doors.

"Lynch Him!" Cries Hallie Erminie Rives, of the Abductor of Little Katie Clum.

Continued from Page Seventeen.

cause I thought sleepily that Annie would stay with me until Mr. Moore had gone to bed, which would be the signal for all of us to go to bed, and that the boys were waiting to walk home with her.

Mr. Moore lives at Poughkeepsie. He owns the farm which my father rents. He had come over to attend to some business and was going to stay a few days. My father felt perfectly secure in leaving the children, Jennie, aged fourteen; Claude, ten, and myself, seventeen, with Mr. Moore as guardian.

Mr. Moore went to bed at 9 o'clock. I sent the children to bed and said to Annie: "You must go now, for I want to lock the house and go to my room. She looked at me in a strange way that frightened me. I could not tell why.

"I wouldn't undress if I wuz you, for yose goin' away to-night."

"Going away?" I said.

"Jess a lil' ways," she said, soothingly, and still looking at me fixedly and queerly.

I got up and moved about the room to shake off the queer feeling that had taken possession of me. Whichever way I turned she was looking at me still, with that strange look, her eyes following me the way they do sometimes in pictures.

I got angry and said: "Annie, go home. You talk foolishly. I am going nowhere but to bed to-night."

"Yes, yoh is, honey! Don't get scart. I meant you wuz goin' to my house fur some of the pone I told ye I left in the oven. Ye never tasted none like it in yer life."

Why did I go with Annie Mondore? I will never be able to tell you. I did not want to go. I hated her. At that moment I felt as though I could have killed her. Yet I did not know why I was angry, and while she led me to the door I felt that I should not go, that I must not, and yet my limbs carried me to the door and past it and to the Mondore shanty, Annie talking to me as she would soothe a child all the while. I don't know what she said except that she repeated:

"There is nothing to be afeard of. Nothing in the world."

Kind people who have seen me since have said I was hypnotized. I don't know exactly what that means, but I do know that I went to the Mondore shanty that night against my will, and against my judgment, and yet my body seemed to be acting without my knowledge or wish.

When we got to the shanty the whole family was there. Nothing was said that I remember. I started to sit in a chair and the old hag, Henry Mondore's mother, drew me down on her lap. I jumped up angrily and for a second I had shaken off the odd feeling that had taken possession of me, making me not Katie Clum, but another girl far away. I started toward the door, but Annie called me back and looked at me again in that funny, compelling way.

She had put a half dozen cups on the table and was pouring coffee into them. She passed the cups and I noticed that no one drank much but myself. Foolish? Perhaps, but I drank every drop of it and I had scarcely swallowed it before I felt dizzy.

"Oh, my head aches!" I said, and began to cry.

Henry Mondore came over to me.

"I'm sorry your head aches," he said. "We'll drive around a little and the night air will make you feel better."

I shook my head, for I was past talking. They put a shawl and hat and heavy veil on me and lifted me into the wagon that stood at the back door.

"Good luck!" said the old woman, as Mary and Annie lifted me in. She laughed in a way that frightened me more than anything that had happened. My head swam. I could not see an object in the wagon. Annie got in beside me and Henry drove.

I must have fainted, for I remember nothing of the ride except that just before we reached Roxbury we met a man in a buggy going the opposite way. I leaned toward him. I don't know whether I would have spoken to him or whether I leaned forward from very faintness, but Annie gripped my arm and whispered:

"Keep quiet! If you say a word I'll kill you."

Henry bought tickets at Roxbury and we got on the train, I believe, at 2 o'clock that night. I was frightened but sick and utterly helpless. I did not see any one at Roxbury. If I did I do not remember it.

I must have fainted again or slept all the way to Kingston.

I remember only that Henry got on one of the front cars and I sat in a back one with Annie, and that at Grand Gorge Frank and Mary got on the train and were with us the rest of the way.

At Kingston we waited at the station a long time—I have no idea how long. Some people stood about us and talked to Annie, but I did not hear what she said to them. I remember but one thing that happened at Kingston. A policeman and two young men followed us into the car. They said something to me that in my dazed condition I could but partly hear.

"Don't you want to go?" they said, and I shook my head, but it was so muffled in the hat and veil and shawl that they could not notice my movement. I was too weak to talk.

One of the young men guessed this and said: "If you can't talk and don't want to go with these negroes, raise your hand."

Hope came to me for the first time. I tried to raise my hand, but Annie's had stolen under the shawl and was clutching my arm so painfully that if I had had the strength I would have screamed. The train started and the young men and policemen, whom I learned afterward was Officer White, jumped off and my one chance of escape was gone.

I cried miserably, but Annie fairly hissed in my ear: "If you say a word to anybody we'll kill you."

Henry and Frank and Mary stayed at a distance till we got to Haverstraw. Annie led me up the street a few feet behind the rest, and we waited somewhere, I think at a store, until the rest came back and said: "It is all right."

We went to a small house where a man met us and took us into a sitting room. I sat a little away from the rest and God is my witness that I know nothing of what took place except that the strange man asked me my age, and before I could answer Annie snapped out: "She's eighteen."

I don't believe I was married. If the man was a minister and asked me any questions I could not have answered them sensibly.

They took me to the station again. We rode a little way and got off at Teaneck, N. J. It was on the evening of Friday by this time. I had eaten nothing and was faint from lack of food as well as the drug which the coffee must have contained. Occasionally Annie had put a bottle of something sweet and sickish to my nose. She said it would make me feel better, and it did, for it made me unconscious of my troubles.

I saw no one when we got off the train at Teaneck. We walked a quarter of a mile through the woods to the house of George Howland, a cousin of the Mondores. When we were within a stone's throw of the house Annie said:

"Well, you're my cousin now. Do you know you are married?"

"I'm not!" I screamed. The cool air had revived me a little, and I tottered toward her, intending to strike her, but Henry dragged me off.

Howland and his wife stood in the door of the old red house at the edge of the woods. "This is my wife," said Henry, grinning.

"I'm not!" I said, and began to cry.

"Then what 'r' ye here fer?" asked Howland.

I threw myself on a lounge without taking my hat off. The foul negro smell in the shanty overpowered me. I thought I was dying. They brought me some tea, but it had such a strange, bitter taste that I pushed the cup away. I don't know how long I had lain there when Henry Mondore leaned over the lounge and said, grinning:

"Come, our bridal chamber's ready."

I flung out my hand at him and he caught and squeezed it.

"Come," he said, and dragged me off the lounge.

I burst into tears and it seemed to me I wept my heart away, but he only carried me to a door at the back and up a narrow, dirty staircase. I screamed, but the sound was faint and stifled like a baby's smothered cry. The Howlands and the rest of them only laughed. I found myself at a door and Henry threw it open.

I saw a small, dirty room with a cot in one corner. The foul air sickened me and I would have fallen but the negro caught me. I fainted. God was merciful.

When I became conscious it was not Mondore's grinning face I saw, but my father's. He snatched me off the cot and cried. After awhile he said:

"Oh, Katie! How could you?"

I could say nothing then. I was too weak, but in a moment I looked up into my father's face and there was a terrible look on it. In my half crazed state I was afraid of him and I ran to the policeman and cried: "Don't let my father kill me! Don't let him kill me!"

I clung to the policeman until we left the house. I heard Henry Mondore say: "I love her. I'll follow her to the ends of the earth but what I'll have her," but I never looked at him. We rode to Teaneck in a pedler's cart and took the train. The negroes followed us and I trembled for fear they would take me away.

I don't think I quite realized my terrible trouble till we were at my aunt's, Mrs. Wolfheater's, at Kingston, on the way home. Poor auntie dropped her knife and fork, looked at me a minute and said:

"Oh, Katie! How could you marry a nasty black nigger! You've disgraced your family!"

I must have shed rivers of tears then. How low I had sunk! I prayed to die, and yet I was not to blame.

I hope the searching party will find Henry Mondore and kill him at sight, or see that he is sent to State prison. If I had the chance I would kill him myself.

This is what I have told the man who issues warrants. If I have made any mistakes it is because my poor, tired, bedrugged head is not yet clear. I am so glad to be back on the peaceful mountain farm again. I will never step outside the house after nightfall again, nor trust a black face for a moment. It all seems like an awful dream and that I shall some day awaken and find it really never happened. I hope so. Oh, how I hope so! Haven't you felt when just awakening after a nightmare doubtful whether the dream or the awakening was the reality? I feel just in that state of doubt.

I pray God that it may prove a dream that I am an unfortunate, disgraced girl. I do not feel that I am writing the story of my disgrace, for I did not intentionally leave my home. As for Henry Mondore, I don't care what becomes of him, except that I shall never see him again.

KATIE CLUM.

MATCHMAKING MADE EASY---This Diagram Tells How Husbands and Wives Are Chosen by a Statistical Law.

MEN marry all sorts of women, though if one looks at the facts as a whole, ignoring all individual preferences, one sees very clearly that this or that set of men show a decided preference for this or that group of women, as regards the important point of the age of either party to the marriage. This fact supplies some very valuable hints to those yet unmarried, and enables one to inform them as to the most likely direction for their endeavors to find partners.

The accompanying diagram is based on the most recent marriage facts of this country, and any unmarried woman from age eighteen to sixty-four has merely to glance at the little circle in which her age is written, to at once see, in the circle joined to her circle, the age of the man who is most likely to marry her.

For example, women at ages twenty-one to twenty-four are preferred as wives by three groups of men, viz., those at ages twenty, twenty-one to twenty-four, and twenty-five to twenty-nine. This is a good prospect for these young ladies, and they should leave all men under twenty and over twenty-nine severely alone.

Women at ages twenty-five to twenty-nine have two groups of men who prefer them to all other women, viz., men at ages thirty to thirty-four and thirty-five to thirty-nine; two useful groups of men who may have decent incomes. But, position part, women aged twenty-five to twenty-nine cannot prudently look for a husband outside the ages thirty to thirty-nine.

Women at ages thirty to thirty-nine (and these are ages when the information should be specially treasured) are sought after by men aged forty to forty-four, and these men show a faint shade of preference for women aged thirty-five to thirty-nine as compared with women aged thirty to thirty-four.